

# The Democratic Standard.

DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS—THE DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—AND THE REFORM OF ALL POLITICAL ABUSES.

BY D. P. PALMER.

GEORGETOWN, O., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1844

NEW SERIES.—VOL. V. No. 19.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.  
**THE SPURIOUS FLAG.**  
The whig papers of this morning repeat the story of the flag, bearing the inscription "AMERICANS SHAN'T HOLD US" which is said to have been carried in the democratic procession that passed through the streets of New York just before the election.

It turns out that this flag, which has been made the basis of so many indignation paragraphs on the part of the whig journals, was a device of their own—a fraud of the same class with the Birney letter. The following letter appears in the Morning News of to-day:

To the Editors of the Morning News:  
GENTLEMEN—I observe in your paper this morning, a notice of a banner on which was inscribed, "Americans shan't rule us." Happening to be in an over-saloon last evening, I overheard a conversation between two gentlemen in the next box. One said to the other, "Did you see that banner in the Locofoco procession the other night?" "No," was the reply. "Well, I did," remarked the former gentleman, "we got it up among ourselves, to exasperate the Natives, and get them to vote for Clay. It was carried by a whig, surrounded by whigs, and was only raised up as they passed knots of whigs on the corners, stationed by a preconcerted movement, in order that they could tell their friends, and, if necessary, swear that they saw it." I then heard the other gentleman ask who it was that painted the banner, the other said it was a man by the name of Christopher, and that his brother Jo Christopher carried it.

You are at liberty to publish this, and I will at any time testify to the truth of it.

Respectfully yours,  
DANIEL T. MAINER.

Nov. 13th, 1844.

## COON WHIGGERY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Perhaps no State in the Union, Maryland not excepted, contains more undiluted turpitude than North Carolina. They have got so far along there, too, that they venture out on their real sentiments. It is not "democratic whig" there—it is "kingdom come" right out square—what is called square-toed whiggery.

## WILL THE PEOPLE HAVE A KING?

A Caswell correspondent has called our attention to the following remarks made by Whitwell P. Tunstall, a leading coon at a barbecue given not long since, near Milton. Mr. Tunstall said:

"Now, gentlemen, I am about to make a bold assertion. It is in me, and must come out. I wish the constitution of the United States was altered, and the word president, wherever it occurs in that instrument, stricken out, and the word king inserted in its place!"

And so anxious, we are informed, was Mr. Tunstall to be understood on this point, that he then in a slow and very distinct voice spelled the two words, and said he preferred *king to president* in the constitution.

The Milton Chronicle, a coon newspaper, had a notice of this same speech, and after suppressing the preceding portion of it, glorified Mr. Tunstall in the following style—

"Whigs of the old North State! Remember the name of Whitwell P. Tunstall! Cherish it with fondness and lively enthusiasm in your memory! Join us in returning him thanks for his noble defence of whig principles on Thursday last, for he did you good! In your name and in our name we thank him! We thank heaven that the soil of Virginia—the land of Washington, of Madison, of Jefferson, and of Henry—gave birth to such a man!"

That will do Mr. Evans. You have made out your case. You have let out the real sentiments and wishes of the coon leaders, and in doing so, have branded yourself and Mr. Tunstall as "bright particular" king-loving Tories! That will do, we say again. You can now stand aside and wait till Col. Polk goes into power, and places his foot upon such as desire a king, or threaten "revolution."—Raleigh (N. C.) Standard.

## TURNING THE TABLES.

At a Liberty meeting in Albany on Tuesday, a speech was made by Mr. Jackson, editor of the Albany Patriot, in which he referred to the abuse heaped upon the abolitionists by the whigs because they had lost the whigs the election. He said that the fact was the other way. The whigs had deserted the abolitionists, and thus lost the abolitionists the election. If they had all voted for Mr. Birney, who was so much better than Mr. Clay, the Liberty party would have carried the day.—N. Y. Post.

That is too bad. The whigs don't go on the principle that a rule can work both ways! It is bad enough to be beat, to be laughed at is too bad!—Statesman.

## OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

The following article from the Southern Reformer, published in Jackson, Miss., is a suitable answer, for the present joyous occasion, to the oft-repeated inquiry of "Who is James K. Polk?"

"He does not need to hide his life under the screen of another man's sanctity." Such is the great and noble character of James K. Polk, the people's choice for the Presidency of the American Union.

We have beheld him from his earliest career in public life, with the deepest emotions of sympathy and regard. A poor but high minded youth, he sheds the lustre of his early genius around his early classmates, at school and at college. It was in the dark recesses of the forest, where the light of his intellect first burst forth—it was there where dwelt the poor settler on the public domain—where industry and virtue plied the plough and axe—where temperance and religion guided human destinies—where all were equal, and felt their equality, that the morning hours of James K. Polk glided the page of history. Next, we find him, grown into vigorous manhood, honored with the confidence of his friends and neighbors with a seat in the legislative halls of Tennessee. His conduct in that important body strikes out for him still higher honors. Eloquent in speech, honest in principle, zealous in support of Democratic measures, vigilant in his duties to his constituents, entertaining always a profound respect for the sovereign power of his countrymen—the same people who supported him for the present office, call upon him to enter the Congress of the representatives of the nation.

Transferred to a new sphere of action among men who were unknown to him; all ambitious of distinction—men of great genius and talents—many selected for their abilities, by the most refined portions of republic—he was again left to the weight of his own merits, either to sink as many had done before, like meteors transient in the air, or rise as had rose his former genius, the brighter constellation in the galaxy around. It was but a brief hour in his existence that his name was unknown. First a young man chosen from among grey headed sires, we find him the active member of the Committee on Foreign Relations—a pilot at the helm of the nation's affairs with the whole governments of the earth.

Laud of the old hickory how proud should'st thou feel. Another step in the ladder of fame is taken, and the people's representatives have placed him in the chair of the Committee of Ways and Means—the great wheel upon which turns the whole financial policy of the nation—and last, as if closing his career in that body with the same unsullied glory which clusters round the summer's evening sun—his virtues, intelligence, statesmanship, the influence of a mighty mind have won for him the admiration, the love and respect of all his confederates, and over them he is chosen to preside—honored with the highest office in one of the halls of the nation's Congress.

The Democracy of the Union can dwell upon his career in that body as one of the proudest niches in the fame of her champions. Always consistent in his political principles and powerful in his eloquence, he grappled with hirculean arms, the hydra headed monsters that peered their heads from the measures of our opponents. With Jackson, he crushed the bank, and laid its head in the dust—he opposed the wild excesses of Clay, fought on the side of economy and constitutional right—defended the revolutionary positioners and urged the rights of the settler on the public land. His course was bold, frank and decided. He fought for principle and for it would have sacrificed his life.

The Union thanked him—every patriot loved him and his people honored him with the gubernatorial chair of his State. Truly may we say, James K. Polk "does not need to hide his life under another man's sanctity." He has straddled the rough road of preferment—met the warmest opposition of the enemy at every post—braved all attacks in triumph, braved them with a pure and unsullied character—an undying resolution to defend the right, shone forth before the country with fires of his own intellect, the promptings of patriotism, and the love of country—a desire to do good unto all men, and, like Cincinnati of old, he has been called forth from the retirement of his farm, and, while his ambition wandered no farther than his fireside to preside over the destinies of his country. How glorious a life—how high a testimony of public virtue. Proudly may we record the name of JAMES K. POLK as one of the illustrious examples of the character of the American republic.

## MORE ROORBACKS.

The whig outcry about frauds at Plaquemine, Louisiana, turns out to be a gammon, as usual. We see several pub-

lications by democrats, that put the shoe on the other foot.—Statesman.

## ERROR IN THE OFFICIAL VOTE OF OHIO.

A letter from Morgan county, received last night, suggested that there must be an error in the official count of that county. We knew that our table was correct, as made out by the Officers of State. We therefore examined the returns by townships in the office of the Secretary of State, and ascertained that in opening the poll books, the vote of Olive township in Morgan county, had been transposed. The vote for Mr. Polk—188—had been counted for Clay; and the vote for Clay—132—had been counted for Mr. Polk—thus making a difference of 112 against Mr. Polk—and making the majority for Clay in Morgan co., 86, instead of a majority for Polk of 26. Also making a majority of 6,052 for Clay in the State, instead of 5,940.

We hasten to correct this error, in the absence of the Secretary of State, who no doubt on his return, will certify to the same, if required.—Statesman.

## From the Albany Argus. THE DISSOLUTION OF THE WHIG PARTY.

It is no figure of speech to say that the whig party in this city was nearly annihilated by the result yesterday. After the returns from the city and a few of the towns were made known, the whigs gathered together, organized a meeting, abandoned the name of whig, and the principles with which the name is identified resolved hereafter, whatever the issue of the contest might be to sail no longer under whig colors, and assumed the name of American republicans, and such principles as are connected with that name.

After the manner in which this contest has been conducted by the leaders of the whig party, we do not wonder that its followers should abandon its name, and seek to avoid, if possible, the ignominy of those associations which are henceforth, in all minds, attached to it. We are not surprised at this disavowal, for the future, of a title once honored, and now irretrievably disgraced, nor at the fact that, in this quarter, they have exhibited the greatest alacrity in its abandonment—for here, more than anywhere else, it has been prostituted to the basest and most infamous purposes.

It is at the credulity of the whigs in continuing to believe that they can lose their identity by a change of name, that they can escape from justice under the miserable refuge of an alias, at that we are alone surprised. For the last thirty years they have vainly trusted to this resource and they only exhibit the weakness of their invention, and the extremity of their desperation, in this barren repetition of a stale and worn out device.

They have, however, ventured on this last shift. The Citizen and Advertiser, two of the organs of the old party, have announced themselves as the organs of the new, and are struggling which shall most warmly exhibit its devotion to the cause. They explain at length, their position for the future, but if American republicanism is to embrace the principles of whiggery, with only the more open avowal of the bigotry and exclusiveness which has always rankled in that party, we certainly see no necessity for that explanation. Both might be easily transformed into native republicanism without being sensible of a change.

A CARD.—David McDaniel, one of the recently pardoned "Chavis" prisoners, publishes the following card in the St. Louis Reporter.

Mr. Editor—You will please permit me to acknowledge, through the medium of your valuable paper, my compliments to my friends and relatives throughout the United States, for their kindness and generosity to me, during my long and tedious incarceration in the St. Louis Jail. I can only add that I feel myself under many obligations to them, and hope, ere long, to evince my gratitude.

Yours, most respectfully,  
DAVID MCDANIEL.

All editors throughout the United States who are friendly to the unfortunate are requested to give the above communication a place in their journals.  
D. McD.

## WONDERFUL GOOD FORTUNE.

The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times says, our readers will probably recollect a young Yankee named Goleman who for a long time barely made a subsistence in this city by teaching people to play on the accordion. He afterwards patented a sort of lyre accordion, and finally added an "Eolian attachment" to the piano, which excited much notice. This poor young fellow has suddenly sprung into afflu-

ence and fame! In New York \$100,000 has been agreed to be paid him for his improvement of the piano, and in London where he is now, he has become the lion of the day, and it is said he will receive half a million of dollars for his patent there, besides being petted by the nobility of Great Britain.—Madisonian.

## A FORTUNE MADE BY PICKING UP A PIN.

Important results often follow from the most trifling incidents. A remarkable case of this kind is related in an English paper, respecting Lafitte, the French banker—and which was the foundation of the immense fortune he afterwards accumulated. When he came to Paris, in 1788, the extent of his ambition was to find a situation in a banking house, and to attain this object he called on M. Perregeux, the rich Swiss banker, to whom he had a letter of introduction. This gentleman had just taken possession of the hotel of Mad'm de Guarnard, which had been put up in a lottery by that lady and won by the fortunate banker. It was to this charming habitation, which has since been demolished, that M. Lafitte paid his first visit to Paris, and, as it were, took his first step in the Parisian world. The young provincial—poor and modest, timid and anxious—entered by that gateway which had witnessed so many gayeties of the last century. He was introduced into the boudoir of the denesee, then became the cabinet of the banker, and there modestly stated the object of his visit.

"It is impossible for me to admit you into my establishment, at least for the present," replied the banker, "all my offices have their full complement. If I require one at a future time, I will see what can be done; but in the mean time I advise you to seek elsewhere, for I do not expect to have a vacancy for some time."

With a disappointed heart the young aspirant for employment left the office, and while with a downcast look he traversed the courtyard, he stooped to pick up a pin which lay in his path, and which he carefully stuck in the lapel of his coat. Little did he think that this trivial action was to decide his future fate, but so it was.

From the window of his cabinet M. Perregeux had observed the action of the young man. The Swiss banker was one of those keen observers of human actions who estimate the value of circumstances apparently trifling in themselves, and which would pass unnoticed by the majority of mankind. He was delighted with the conduct of the young stranger. In this simple action, he saw the revelation of a character, it was a guarantee of a love of order and economy, a certain pledge of all the qualities which should be possessed by a financier. A young man who would pick up a pin could not fail to make a good clerk, merit the confidence of his employer, and obtain a high degree of prosperity. In the evening of the same day M. Lafitte received the following note from M. Perregeux:—

"A place is made for you in my office which you may take possession of to-morrow morning."

The anticipations of the banker were not deceived. The young Lafitte possessed every desirable quality, and even more than was at first expected. From simple clerk he soon rose to be cashier, then partner, then head of the first banking house in Paris and afterwards, in rapid succession, a Deputy and President of the Council of Ministers, the highest point a citizen can aspire.

On what a trifling dose the fortune of a man sometimes depend. But for the incident of the pin, M. Lafitte would perhaps never have entered the house of M. Perregeux; another employer might not have opened to him so wide a field of action, and his talents and intelligence would not have led to such magnificent results.

Little did M. Perregeux think that the head which would pick up a pin was that of a man generous to prodigality in doing good—a hand always open to succor honorable misfortune. Never were riches placed in better hands; never did banker or prince make more honorable use of them.—Ex. paper.

A certain pious peace-loving Quaker was once beset by a pugnacious man who aware of broad-brim's non-resistance principles, administered him a smart blow on his right cheek. The Quaker in accordance with the command of the scripture, forthwith turned to him the other cheek, which being in like manner slapped and so, considering the letter of the law fulfilled, he deliberately pulled off his coat and gave the aforesaid pugnacious one a good sound thrashing to his great inconvenience and astonishment.

A PICTURE OF DISTRESS IN ENGLAND.—It is stated that in Liverpool from 35,000 to 40,000 persons live in cellars, al-

ways damp and low, generally unpaved and devoid of sewers and drainage. It is also stated that in Manchester, 9,179 families are living in cellars. Many of them are without floors and nearly dark, and are built below the level of the river.

## JACOB AND THE DOCTOR.

Dr. B. used to relate some humorous anecdotes of an eccentric character who lives in the old Granite State. This individual said the Doctor, had a quaint way in drawing out his words, and the grave manner which he always assumed, was enough to excite the risibilities of a staid. On a certain day a number of individuals had assembled at the village corner to drink, chat, swap horses, &c., when suddenly this curious original made his appearance, and stepping up to an old acquaintance, said he.

"Mr. S., can't you lend me your horse a little while?"

"How long do you want him?" said the owner of the animal.

"Only a few minutes, responded the strange genius."

"You may have him," said Mr. S. "for half an hour."

"Very well, very well, thank you sir," replied our brave hero, as he mounted the nimble animal and trotted away towards the habitation of Doctor R., a noted physician, who had recently moved into town. On arriving at the Dr.'s, he inquired of a young man at work near the door.

"Is the Doctor at home?"

"He is over to Mr. C.'s," said the young-

ster.

"Thank you, sir," replied Jacob, our hero's name, as he galloped away. But before arriving at Mr. C.'s he met the Doctor on his way home, and wheeling suddenly around, he beckoned the Doctor to follow. Jacob whipped up and the Doctor spurred on; but the Doctor's horse being swifter footed, he soon came up with Jacob, and vociferated in a hurried manner.

"What's the matter! what's the matter, sir?"

"Drive on, Doctor, drive on, Doctor," said Jacob, at the same time urging his horse forward with all his might.

"What's the matter! what's the matter, sir?" said the Doctor as he came up again with Jacob.

"Drive on, drive on, Doctor," said our hero, who John Gilpin like, laid hold of the horse's mane, trying to outstrip the Doctor.

On arriving at the corner of the road, Jacob suddenly reined in; and observed to the Doctor that he might go in there—pointing to a house.

The Doctor quickly dismounted, dragging his saddle bags with him, and bolted suddenly into the house without ceremony, while Jacob slowly rode away.

The Doctor's sudden presence frightened, almost out of her wits, a nervous lady who was sweeping near the door.

"What's the matter here? who's sick?" said the Doctor.

"Nobody sick here, sir," said the old lady, who had dropped the broom in her fright and stood trembling.

"Is any one sick in the other house?" said the Doctor, hurriedly.

"No sir, not that I know of," said the old lady.

"Then I have been outrageously imposed upon," said he.—"I have driven my horse at such a rate I fear he is spoiled."

After a little chat, the doctor rode back to the village corner, to find the author of the mischief; when lo! there he stood with all the gravity of a judge about to sentence a criminal to the gallows.

The doctor rode up to him, and in an imperious tone demanded the meaning of such imposition.

Jacob putting on a long face, drawled out that he meant no imposition.

"Well, sir," retorted the doctor, "I must have an explanation."

"Why sir," said Jacob, "didn't you know that good horsemanship was a good qualification for a doctor? and I thought I'd try your skill—and now I'm well satisfied with your riding, I can recommend you as a good doctor in that respect."

"But, sir," said the doctor, who could scarcely command his risibilities, at Jacob's way of talking, "I shall recover damage of you for this."

"O, no, I guess you can't get nothing," drawled out Jacob.

"But did you not tell me to go in at such a house," said the doctor.

"I told you that you might go in," said Jacob, "you could have done as you pleased about it."

The doctor finding the character of the genius he had to deal with, quietly withdrew half balancing between rage & laughter. On inquiring about this oddity he laughed heartily at the trick, and frequently told the story with a great relish.—Portland express.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR PENNSYLVANIA.—The Delaware Republican states

## A LOVE CHASE.

The Portland Argus of Tuesday, gives an interesting account of a love affair which happened in that city recently, and which should be extensively circulated for the benefit of young marriageable dandies who are prone to fall in love at first sight. It appears that a stranger who went to Portland on business, fell in with a pretty, inexperienced girl, and after a few interviews promised her marriage, and they agreed to start for Boston in the afternoon train to have the knot tied. In the meantime, the mother of the girl got an inkling of what was going on, and she went to the cars to restrain her roving daughter from throwing herself into the arms of a comparative stranger.

The second Act opens at the Depot, with the train about to start. The mother had entered the cars and confronted her daughter, and her lover by turns, entreating the one to return home with her, and upbraiding the other for stealing away an old woman's daughter. The daughter would not heed her entreaties and tears. The lover was cold and indifferent to her threats. She told him he was a married man, and unprincipled—and bade him beware of retribution.—To her daughter she appealed, that she might return with her, and make home glad, which was now desolate. The passengers feelings were manifestly on the side of the mother—but her appeals could not draw her daughter out of the cars.

Meanwhile time flew, and the moment of departure came. The mother was still beseeching—the daughter, pouting—the lover frowning—when some Fortune for once helped the matron and disappointed the maid. The conductor inquired if the girl had a ticket? She had not, and as the rule requires passengers to be so provided, she was advised to step to the office and obtain one. She stepped out; and the scene being now quite exciting, some of the passengers happened to be very much in the way of the lover, and he couldn't get out so easily.

Finding his egress through the doors strangely prevented, he rushed to the window and with a \$3 bill between his fingers, endeavored to convey it to her.

A tall hack driver, laying his thumb by the side of his nose, and twirling his fingers, politely informed him that he couldn't come it. Here was a situation! The girl without the means to purchase a ticket; the fellow within, unable to get out—and every body laughing at him.

It is an old proverb, time and tide wait for no man—neither does the mail train for women either. At this moment, the starting time arrived, the bell tolled, the engineer let on the steam—the fireman grinned—the spectators laughed—and on went the train, with the itinerant, but without his victim. Then it was the force of the girls love broke forth.—When she saw the gap every moment widening between them, she could endure the thought no longer, but set off with frantic speed in full chase after the cars! Some shouted, some opened wide their eyes, some unfeeling cried "put on more steam my dear," a few pitied the poor girl. She soon found that her speed even when impelled by love, was not equal to the mail train! She returned dejected and in tears, to repeat the thought of the old poet, "the course of true love never did run smooth."

MEMORIZING A MORSE.—The other day, the crew of the Wappella, in St. Louis, were completely nonplused by a fractious horse which they were endeavoring to get on board. Mr. Elliot, a magnetizer, was requested to operate, and we are happy to learn did so with immediate effect.—Simply looking the animal in the face, making a few passes down his nose, and with perhaps a gentle "Hoe old horse," the sensitive creature becoming perfectly docile, and walked aboard without even once saying neigh! At least so says a St. Louis paper.—Iron City.

## OMENS.

The schooner "Henry Clay," was beached in the late gale, near Mill Creek. The "Ashland" ran aground at Buffalo. The schooner, "Whig" of '76, captain and crew all democrats, rode out the gale in safety.

The steamer "Harry of the West," was lately snagged and sunk in the Mississippi. The coon flag, at the head of the coon pole, in front of the coon pan in this city, was blown to tatters, and its fragments scattered to the four winds of heaven. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Majority for Polk and Dallas in Pennsylvania is 6,332.